

# The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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**THE BUGLE.**

From the N. Y. Tribune.

The Duty of Society to Criminals and Discharged Convicts.

Rev. Mr. STORMS, of Brocklyn, delivered a very eloquent Sermon upon the above subject, on Sunday, at the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, before a numerous congregation. The Rev. gentleman took for his text the last clause of the 36th verse, 25th chapter of Matthew—“I was in prison and ye came unto me.” He commenced by taking a general view of the duty of Christians to those who have deviated from the paths of rectitude and virtue. There are two great principles of the Christian character—the first to feed the mind with the doctrines of Christ; the second to give food and clothing and comfort where they are needed, this true Christian charity. It is to save: same sublime virtue which is expressed by Christ in his mission. By the careful labor of Christian men, Asylums have been established, Charities and Institutions, have been formed which have exerted the most beneficial influence upon mankind. Christianity can point to no infidelity or Paganism cannot show—saints her trophies—her field is the world, which is embazoned on her banners—the last class of criminals, said the speaker, are those who have been entrapped by older ones. There are such persons in all our classes. The second class is larger in number: those who have been trained in vice from their youth, and who have had no education but in sin. These are generally trained in cities or in the outskirts of large towns. The child is thus made familiar with sin, and its only thought is to hide it. It is therefore not wonderful that they pursue a sinful course, and become the inmates of prisons. There is not one of those who might walk the earth as a useful member of society, had he received proper training, his soul there is always occasion for courage and hope. The worst and smallest class indeed who have had examples of parental discipline who are, notwithstanding, depraved—such men doubtless there is small hope though some even of them, have been saved past hope; and they may be reclaimed—They are like us, with human hearts, susceptible of being impressed with sentiments of Christianity. It is clear that criminals cannot be revolutionized, when that punishment is set; but when the conviction is illegal, it becomes society to exert its influence in this behalf, and where the law under which they have been convicted is unjust, it is obligatory to Christianity to urge its repeal; but a just cause conserves and advances the interests of society. It is intended to educate the criminal, and the earliest vigilance should be exercised in the appointment of those having charge of those unfortunate.

The speaker alluded to sympathy for the criminal in consequence of the man he was sentenced to undergo for real crime, to penitence and exerting a bad influence; and substitution, adverted to the Apostle Paul, who says: “If I have been an offender and a sinner, I refuse not to die.” Our efforts should be to save criminals, morally. The desire of power continued the speaker, is always dangerous in the hands it is placed in, and in disconnection he urged the necessity of appointing juries whose example and influence would tend to reform those over whom he exercises the authority of master. This function stands before the prisoner as a sort of representative of the society he has left behind. If cruel he engenders a spirit of revenge, and still keeps him a criminal in feeling. If allied with Christianity, the influence he exerts will be for the benefit of the criminal. It is therefore, the duty of society to see that paper men, regardless of political considerations, are selected for these stations. By adopting this course, the first step in the way of reformation will be gained. The second point mentioned by the speaker was proximity to crime. A criminal, he continued, put in conjunction with an old offender, will tend to augment his propensity for crime. He becomes saturated with it, which is hard or even impossible to eradicate. Solitary confinement for long terms, with a view of reformation, he thought impracticable, although he deprecated the custom of confining together. The best mode would be to confine them solitarily, say for one day in a week, thus giving them time to think and contemplate. For short terms he recommended solitary confinement. Instruction in useful branches of industry he also recommended, and solitary confinement for short terms would make books attractive, where else were they would have been spurned,—all can

here see at a glance the opportunity for Christian instruction.

The criminal is suffering, and he knows it—degraded, and is aware of it, but let the gospel be explained to him in plain terms and by proper men and he will profit by it. There is no better place to reform under proper instructions.—The bonds which connect the criminal with society are not broken by being imprisoned. He is never lost who shows evidence of reformation, and exertion must be made to win him over.

On his egress from the prison walls Christians should meet him, and extend to him a helping hand, and aid him to find employment, and he will be inclined to pursue an exemplary course thereafter. There are Christian duties, and the duties of society are identical. He recommended that chaplains be appointed to all prisons, and of any sees which the criminal might choose. In conclusion, the Rev. gentleman urged upon all Christians the duty of contributing toward sustaining the Society for the Reformation of Discharged Convicts, of which the late Isaac Y. Hopper had been the leading spirit. Its existence in this City has been a center of hope; especially, has it accomplished a great and wise work in forming a Home for those who have served the term of confinement. The speaker then entered briefly into the statistics of the Association, which has since its organization relieved nearly one thousand persons, the present state of whom, as far as ascertained, is as follows:

Doing well,	225	Doubtful,	126
Hopeful,	479	Returned to prison,	19
Unknown,			137

**The Chances of Life.**

Among the interesting facts developed by the recent census are some in relation to the laws that govern life and death. They are based upon returns from the State of Maryland, and a comparison with previous ones. The calculation it is unnecessary to explain but the result is a table from which we gather the following illustration:—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

10,263 infants are born on the same day and upon life simultaneously. Of these 4,243 never reach the anniversary of their births; 9,023 commence the second year; but the proportion of deaths still continues so great that at the end of the third only 8,133, or about four-fifths of the original number, survive. But during the fourth year the system seems to acquire more strength, and the number of deaths rapidly decreases. It goes on decreasing until twenty-one, the commencement of maturity and the period of highest health. 7,134 enter upon the activities and responsibilities of life—more than two-thirds of the original number. Thirty-five come, the meridian of manhood, 6,332 have reached it. Twenty years more, and the ranks are thinned. Only 4,727, or less than half of those who entered life fifty years ago, are left. And now death comes more frequently. Every year the ratio of mortality steadily increases, and at seventy there are not a thousand survivors. A scattered few live on to the close of the century, and at the age of one hundred and six the drama is ended; the last man is dead.—*Albany Journal.*

**Capital Punishment in Michigan.**

Much noise has been made in regard to a presentment made by the Grand Jury of one of the counties in Michigan, in regard to the ill effects attending the repeat of the law of Capital Punishment. This presentment is published in form, every year; but all the facts in regard to it are kept back.—It has just been published by the New York Journal of Commerce, and copied into several papers. The “Star in the West,” meets the matter with the following facts.—*ESSOCX Freeman.*

1st. The presentment is now some two or three years old. (Have the fearful facts therein stated continued to alarm the Grand Jury to this day?)

Ed. Upon the strength of this presentment the Legislature was petitioned to repeal the law abolishing Capital Punishment.

3d. The Legislature appointed a committee to investigate the subject; which the committee in the discharge of its duty, elicited the following facts, and reported the same to the Legislature; five murders had been committed in an unusually short time in Wayne County. (Detroit is in this county.) Of these five, two were foreigners who knew nothing of the English language and of course were ignorant of our laws. The other three confessed that they supposed the death penalty still in existence; and one of them actually inquired of the officer who arrested him, if he should be hanged on that day—the day of his arrest. The Legislature, on the receipt of this report, voted that it is inexpedient to legislate upon the subject;—a wise decision I think.

In connection with this matter the following statement made by Mr. Broome, in a speech in the Pennsylvania legislature, is of great interest. The event occurred in Delaware county, and we quote from the Harrisburg Telegraph:

A young girl of fair character was unfortunate in giving birth to an illegitimate child. Sometime afterwards she made an excuse one afternoon to visit a neighbor, she took the child with her, but returned alone.—Search was made for it and it was found buried in the woods, in the neighborhood.—On these circumstances she was tried and convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hung; but such had been her previous character, and so apparently discordant to her disposition was the perpetration of such a fearful crime, that those who knew her best

could not believe her guilty. But she did not and would not make any explanation or denial of her guilt, until the evening before the execution was to take place; when believing that her fate was sealed she confessed to her brother alone in her cell, that the father of the child had induced her to meet him in the woods under a promise of immediate marriage, when he murdered the child and buried it in her presence, in the place where it was found. She professed losing her own life innocently, to prosecute the father of the child, and before a reprieve could be procured from the Governor she was executed. Circumstances afterwards transpired, such as the finding of the letter inviting her to the meeting, and others, which rendered it certain that this is true, and that she had been unjustly condemned. So this brave and generous girl was sacrificed to an unyielding law.

From the Liberator.

**Extracts from a Speech of Wendell Phillips, Esq.**

*At the Melodeon, on the first Anniversary of the rendition of Thomas Sims, April 12, 1852.*

When the Pulpit preached slave-hunting, and the Law bound the victim, and Society said “Amen! this will make money”—we were “fanatics!”—“enthusiasts!”—“seditionists!”—“disorganizers!”—“scorners of the pulpit!”—“triters!” Genius of the Past! drop not from thy tablets one of these honorable names.—We claim them all, as our surest title deeds to the memory and gratitude of mankind.—We indeed thought Man more than Constitutions; Humanity and Justice of more worth than law. Seal up the record! If Boston is proud of her part, let her rest assured we are not ashamed of ours!

All this has been said so often, that it is useless to dwell on it now. The best use that we can now make of this occasion, is to look about us, take our bearings and tell the fugitives over whom yet hangs this terrible statute, what course, in our opinion, they should pursue.

And, in the first place, it is neither frank nor honest to keep up the delusive idea that a fugitive slave can be protected in Massachusetts. I hope I am mistaken; I shall be glad to be proved incorrect; but I do not believe there is any such Anti-Slavery sentiment here as is able to protect a fugitive whom the Government has once laid its hand. We were told this afternoon, from this platform, that there were one hundred and fifty men in one town, ready to come with their muskets to Boston—all they waited for was an invitation. I heard, three weeks before the Sims case, that there were a hundred in one town in Plymouth county, pledged to shoulder their muskets in such a cause. We saw nothing of them. I heard, three weeks after the Sims rendition, that there were two hundred more in the city of Worcester ready to have come, had they been invited. We saw nothing of them.—On such an occasion, from the nature of the case, there cannot be much previous concert; the people must take their own cause into their own hands. Intense earnestness of purpose, preceding large classes, must instinctively perceive the crisis, and gather all spontaneously for the first act which is to organize revolution. When the Court was in pursuit of John Hampden, we are not told that the two thousand men who rode up to London the next morning, to stand between their representative and a king’s frown, waited for an invitation. They assembled of their own voluntary and individual purpose, and *found* themselves in London.—Whenever there is a like determination throughout Massachusetts, it will need no invitation. When, in 1775, the British turned their eyes toward Lexington, the same *invitation* went out from the Vigilance Committee of Mechanics in Boston, as in our case of April, 1851. Two lanterns on the North Church steeple telegraphed the fact to the country. Revere and Prescott, as they rode from house to house in the gray light of that April morning, could tell little what others would do—they fled into each house the starting announcement, “The red coats are coming!” and rode on. None that day issued orders—none obeyed except his own soul. Though Massachusetts, rocked from Barnstable to Berkshire, when the wires flashed over the land the announcement that a slave lay chained in the Boston Court-House, there was no answer from the Anti-Slavery feeling of the State. It is said, therefore, but it seems to me honest, to say to the fugitive in Boston or on his way, that if the Government once seize him, he cannot be protected here. I think we are bound, in common kindness and honesty, to tell them there are but two ways that promise any refuge from the horrors of a return to bondage; one is to fly—to place themselves under the protection of that Government which with all her faults, has won the proud distinction that slaves cannot breathe her air—the fast-anchored isle of empire, where tyrants and slaves may alike find refuge from vengeance and oppression. **AND THIS IS THE COURSE I WOULD ADVISE EVERY MAN TO ADOPT. THIS, UNLESS THERE ARE, IN HIS PARTICULAR CASE, IMPERATIVE REASONS TO THE CONTRARY, IS HIS DUTY.** If this course is impossible, then the other way is to arm himself, and by resistance secure in the free State a trial for homicide—trusting that no jury will be able so far to crush the instincts of humanity as not to hold him justified.

But some one may ask, why countenance, even by a mention of it, this public resistance—you whose whole enterprise repudiates force? Because this is a very different question from the great issue, the Abolition of Slavery. On that point, I am willing to wait. I can be patient, no matter how often that is dictated by treacherous statesmen.—The cause of three millions of slaves, the destruction of a great national institution, must proceed slowly; and like every other change in public sentiment, we must wait patiently for it, and the best policy there is,

beyond all question, the policy of submission, for that gains, in time, on public sympathy. But this is a different case. Who can ask the trembling, anxious fugitive to stop and submit tamely to the overwhelming chances of going back, that his fate may, in some different manner, and far off, have influence for good the destiny of his fellow-millions? Such virtue must be self-moved. Who could stand and ask it of another?—True, Thomas Sims returned is a great public event, calculated to make Abolitionists—but the game sickens me, when the counters are living men. We have no right to use up fugitives for the manufacture of Anti-Slavery sentiment. There are those who hang one man to benefit another, and create a wholesome dread of crime. I shrink from using human life as raw material for the production of any state of public opinion, however valuable. I do not think we have a right to use up fugitive slaves in this merciless way, in order to extend or deepen an Anti-Slavery sentiment. At least, I have no right to use them so, without their full consent. It seems to me, therefore, we are bound to tell those who have taken refuge under the laws of Massachusetts, what they must expect here. The time was when we honestly believe they might expect protection. That time, in my opinion, has passed by. I do not certainly know when they may choose again to take another man from Boston. But I do know, that just so soon as any other miscreant Webster (buses and cheers) shall thing it necessary to lay another fugitive slave on the altar of his Presidential chances, just so soon will another be taken from the streets of Boston. I note the busses, and Webster himself will ever find it worth while to ask again this act of vassal service from his retainers. Oh, no! wait a few months, and his fate will be that of Buckingham:

—wicked but in will, or means, benefit, He left not faction, but of that was left? But even though he die or be sheltered, the race of traitors will not be extinct; and it is a sickening dread for these two or three hundred men and women to live with this law, worse than the sword of Damocles, hanging over their heads. I believe the Abolitionists of the country owe it to their brethren to tell them what policy should rule their conduct in the present crisis. To be sure, we may ask them to stay, and when they are taken, to submit, and let the fact appeal to the sympathies of the country, which will result in kindling public indignation; and if they choose, from deep religious convictions, to make themselves the tools of Anti-Slavery growth, God bless them for the heroic self-sacrifice, which dictates such a course. But I connot ask of a poor, friendless, broken-hearted fellow creating such a momentous sacrifice, I do say, in private, to every one that comes to me, “But I have learnt all that. But Mr. Chapman, the question to which I speak is a very different one. It is this, J. William Crafts, an independent, isolated individual in myself, am no more called to secure the safety of three million slaves than you are. J. William Crafts, have succeeded in getting to Boston, I have reached what is called a safe territory, but I am not told to-day, when they are to be taken, or when to turn, when they are at bay, and to the necks of their pursuers! It is not our fault! I shrink from no question, however desperate, that lies in the kernel the possibility of safety for a human being hunted by twenty millions of slave-catchers in this Christian Republic of ours (cheers). I would say all this to the men about me, and add—There is one gleam of hope. It is just possible that the flood of the State’s Prison may have a magic charm in it. That may save the fugitive, if he can once entitle himself to a place there. When, then, the invasion shall demand, let us try it (great cheering)! It is a sad thought, that the possibility of a glibber, the chance of imprisonment for life, is the only chance that can make it safe for a fugitive to remain in Massachusetts.

I am not dealing with the cause of three millions of slaves. I am not dealing with the question of a great sin and wrong existing among us. I believe I understand the philosophy of waiting. I know that, in reforming great national abuses, we cannot expect to be in haste; that the most efficient protection for the three millions of slaves is to eradicate the prejudice of the twenty millions of whites who stand above them. I have learnt all that. But Mr. Chapman, the question to which I speak is a very different one. It is this, J. William Crafts, an independent, isolated individual in myself, am no more called to secure the safety of three million slaves than you are. J. William Crafts, have succeeded in getting to Boston, I have reached what is called a safe territory, but I am not told to-day, when they are to be taken, or when to turn, when they are at bay, and to the necks of their pursuers! It is not our fault! I shrink from no question, however desperate, that lies in the kernel the possibility of safety for a human being hunted by twenty millions of slave-catchers in this Christian Republic of ours (cheers). I am willing to confess my faith. It is this: that the Christianity of this country is worth nothing, except it is or can be made capable of dealing with the question of Slavery. I am willing to confess another article of my faith: that the Constitution and Government of this country is worth nothing, except it is or can be made capable of grappling with the great question of Slavery. I agree with E. B. —**I HAVE NO IDEA OF A LIBERTY UNCONNECTED WITH HONESTY AND JUSTICE. NOR DO I BELIEVE THAT ANY GOOD CONSTITUTION OR GOVERNMENT CAN FIND IT NECESSARY FOR THEIR SECURITY TO DOOM ANY PART OF THE PEOPLE TO A PERMANENT SLAVERY. SUCH A CONSTITUTION OR FREEDOM, IF SUCH CAN BE IN EFFECT, NO MORE THAN ANOTHER NAME FOR THE TYRANNY OF THE STRONGEST TACTION;** and factions in Assemblies have been and are full as capable as monarchs of the most cruel oppression and injustice.” That is the language of Edmund Burke to the electors of Bristol; I agree with it (applause!). The greatest peace Government can win is, that its citizens know their rights, and dare to maintain them. I know no use for good laws, except to teach men to trample bad laws under their feet.

On the principles, I am willing to stand before the community in which I was born and brought up—where I expect to live and die—where, if I shall ever win my reputation, I expect to earn and keep it. As a man, a Christian man, and a lover of my country, I am willing to be judged by posterity, if it shall ever remember either this meeting or the counsels which were given in this cause to the fugitive slave—bailed in every effort to escape, or bound here by sufficient ties, exiled from the protection of the law, shut out from the churches—to protect myself, and make one last appeal to the human instincts of his fellow-men. Friends, it is time something should be said on these points. Twenty-six cases—twenty-six slave cases, under this last statute, have taken place in the single State of Pennsylvania. I do not believe one man in a hundred who hears me, supposed there were half a dozen cases there. So silently, so much a matter of course, so much without any public excitement, have those slaves been surrendered! Should the record be made up for the other States, it would probably be in proportion. Recollect, beside, the cases of kidnapping, not by any means unfrequent, which are so much facilitated by the existence of laws like this. For slaves

for a Harriet Beecher Stowe to paint a submissive slave, and draw a picture that thrills your hearts. You are very sensitive over ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin.’ Your nerves are very sensitive; see that your consciences are as sensitive as your nerves. If your hearts answered instead of your nerves, you would rise up every one of you Abolitionists, ready to sacrifice every thing, rather than a man should go back to Slavery. Let me see that effect, and then I will reckon the value of the tears that have answered to the wail of this magician; but till then, they are but the tears of a nervous reader under high excitement. Would those tears could crystallize into sentiment, crystallize into principle—into Christian principle, out of which the staple of Anti-Slavery patience and perseverance and self-sacrifice is to be wrought! Guard yourselves, friends, against the delusive idea, that the tears and sad eyes you see about you are harbinger of a better hour, to Massachusetts than this day twelve months saw darken over her fame. It may be so; but there is no certainty that it will. We are to speak to practical Massachusetts. I do not shrink from going before the farmers, the mechanics, and the working-men—the thinking men of Massachusetts, and urging upon them the consideration that the State, by solemn act, has proclaimed to every one that her soul is not holy enough to protect the fugitive, and that, so far as she is concerned, the only possibility, the only chance remaining for the fugitive, lies in his own courage and good right arm. The city of John Hancock has proved that her soul is not holy enough to protect the fugitive; Faneuil Hall where still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Ovis and Adams, is not holy enough to shelter the fugitive; Bunker Hill, red with the blood of the noblest man that ever fell in the cause of civil liberty, is not too sacred for it to be torn down; the churches, planted, as we have been told to-day, in tents in prayer, and in blood, have no altar horns for the fugitive; the Courts, even that which first naturalized Lord Mansfield’s decision, drawing a nice distinction between slaves *brought* and slaves *escaping*—judges loving humanity so well, even in the humblest sot, that like their noble predecessors in the great case of De Vere, they caught hold of a twig or a vine thread to uphold it; that, too, has shot its roots on the fugitive—yes, against that very child Man, should she again be seized, and when bound, they settled this grand rule, I would say all this to the men about me, and add—There is one gleam of hope. It is just possible that the flood of the State’s Prison may have a magic charm in it. That may save the fugitive, if he can once entitle himself to a place there. When, then, the invasion shall demand, let us try it (great cheering)! It is a sad thought, that the possibility of a glibber, the chance of imprisonment for life, is the only chance that can

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to stay among us and be surrendered may excite commiseration; but remember, and this is a very important consideration, familiarity with such scenes begets indifference; the tone of public sentiment is lowered; soon cases pass as matters of course, and the community, burnt over with previous excitement, is doubly stealed against all active sympathy with the sufferers. What was usurpation yesterday is precedent to-morrow. When we asked the Supreme Court of Mass., to interfere in Sims' behalf, on the ground that the law of 1850 was unconstitutional, they declined, because the law was much the same as that of 1793, and that was constitutional, because so held and submitted to. Surely, tyranny should have no such second acquiescence to plead. Yet that feeling, so alert, so indignant at the outset, already droops and grows cold.—Government stands ever a united, powerful and organized body, always in session, its temptations creeping over the dulled sense, the wearied zeal, or the hour of want. The sympathies of a people for the down-trodden and the weak are scattered, evanescent, now excited, now asleep. The assembly which is red-hot to-day, has vanished to-morrow. The indignation that lowers around a Court-House in chains is scattered in a month. The guerrilla troops of reform are now here, and now crumbled away.—On the other hand, permanently planted, with a boundless patronage, which sways every thing, stands Government, with hands ever open, and eyes that never close, bidding cunningly its time; always concentrated; and, of course, too often able to work its will, for a time, against any amount of popular indignation and sympathy.

Do not misunderstand me. I know the Anti-Slavery Cause will triumph. The mightiest intellects—the Websters and the Calhouns of the Whig and Democratic parties—they have no more effect upon the great mass of the public mind, in the long run, than the fly's weight had on the chariot wheel where he lighted. But that is a long battle. I am speaking now of death or life, to be dealt out in a moment. I am dealing with a family about to be separated, standing, as many of you have been called again and again to do, by the hearth, or at the table, where that family circle were never to assemble again; broken and scattered to the four winds; the wife in agony, her husband torn from her side, her children gathering around, vainly asking, "Where are we to go, mother?" Open those doors? How many of them might you open in these Northern States within the last two years! How many of these utterly indescribable scenes might you have witnessed within that brief period! This law has executed itself—Twenty-six have been sent back from Pennsylvania; only one from Boston; only a dozen, perhaps, from New York. Yes; but in the mean time, the dread that they might be seized has broken up hundreds of happy families. It has been executed; and when I remember that Northern traitor who made its enactment possible, I sometimes think that the vainest man who ever lived never dreamed in the hour of his fondest self-conceit, that he had done the human race as much good as Daniel Webster has wrought it sorrow and despair (great applause). I do not think you fully appreciate the state of dread in which the colored population have lived for months.

Mark, too, the infamous characteristics of these cases! It is not their frequency, after all, that should cause the most apprehension, but the obnoxious incidents and very dangerous precedents they establish. It is not that the Slave Law is law. That is not half the enormity of the fact. It is, that not only is the Slave statute held to be law, but that there is really no law beside it in the free States—to execute it, all other laws are set aside and disregarded. The commonest and best settled principles have been trodden under foot. Almost all these persons have been arrested by a lie. Sims was—Long was—Preston was. In the case at Buffalo, the man was arrested by blood thirsty attack—knocked down in the streets. The atrocious haste—the brutal haste of Judge Kane, in the case of Hannah Kellam, language fails in describing, indignation stands dumb before the cold and brutal wickedness. Many of these cases have been a perversion, not only of all justice, but of all law. Take a single and slight instance.—The merciful and safe rule has always been, that an officer, arresting any one wrongfully, shall not be permitted to avail himself of his illegal act, for the service of a true warrant while he has the man in custody. This would be not only a sanction, but an encouragement of illegal detention. But, in several of these cases, the man has been seized on some false pretence, and then the authorities allowed those having him in custody to waive the prosecution of the pretended claim, and serve upon him the real warrant. The same disgraceful proceeding was allowed in the Latimer case in this city, his master arresting him as a thief and afterwards dismissing that process, and claiming him as a slave. This dangerous precedent has been followed in many of these late cases. The spirit of the rule, and in some cases its letter, would have set the prisoner free, and held void all the proceedings.

Amid this entire overthrow of legal safeguards—this utter recklessness of all the checks which the experience of ages has invented for the control of the powerful and the protection of the weak, it is idle to dream of any colored persons being safe. They stand alone, exposed to the whole pelting of this pitiless storm. I wish there existed here any feeling on this subject adequate to the crisis. Is there such? Do you point me to the past triumphs of the Anti-Slavery sentiment of Massachusetts? The list is so short we know it by heart. Yes, there has been enough of feeling and effort to send Charles Sumner to the Senate. Let us still believe that the event will justify us in trusting him, spite of his silence there for four long months, silence when so many ears have been waiting for the promised words. There is an Anti-Slavery sentiment here of a certain kind. Test it, and let us see what it is worth. There is Anti-Slavery sentiment enough to crowd our Legislature with Free Soilers. True, let us wait for some fruit, correspondent to their pledges, before we rejoice too loudly. Heaven grants us the sight of some before we be forced to borrow from our fathers a name for these legislative committees of Free Soilers. In 1765, there were certain Parliamentary Committees, to whom were referred the petitions of the Colonists, and many good plans of relief, and that was the last heard of either petition or plan. Our fathers called them 'Committees of Oblivion.' I hope

we may never need that title again; and wherever we find the untraversed name of Sewall, we need have no apprehension.

Yes, there is Anti-Slavery sentiment sufficient to put many persons on their good behavior—sufficient to bring Orville Dewey to his knees, and make him attempt to lie himself out of a late delicate embarrassment (great applause). That to be sure, is the only way for a true-hearted American to apologize! Some men blame us for the personality of our attacks—for the bad taste of naming a sinner on such a platform as this. Never doubt its benefits again—Did not the Rev. Dr. 'go to and fro in the earth, and walk up and down in it,' offering to return his own mother into Slavery for our dear Union; and was he not rewarded by our National Government by a Chaplaincy in the Navy—as most men thought to secure him a trip to the Mediterranean to reprove his weak virtue? Where could public rumor more appropriately send him than to that very spot on the Naples coast, where his great and only exemplar, Nero, devoted his mother to a kinder fate than this Christian imitation designed for a venerable relative? Could he have passed his life at Baal, the genius of the place would have protected her so deserving son, and all had been well. But here a certain 'rub-a-dub agitation' had done so much mischief, that even the Unitarian denomination could not uphold its eminent leader till he had explained that he did not mean his 'venerable relative,' he only meant his son! How clear the lesson to that son not to treat others as they treat him—since then he might be led to do what even his father deems inhuman, namely, return his 'venerable relative' into Slavery to save a Union! Does Dr. Dewey indeed think it 'extravagant and ridiculous to consent to return one's mother to Slavery?'—

On what principle, then, it has been well asked, does he demand that every colored son submit patiently to have it done? Does his Bible read that God did not make of one blood all nations?

Yes, we have Anti-Slavery feeling and character enough to humble a Dewey; we want more—we want enough to save a Sims to give a safe shelter to Ellen Crafts—Hide the outcast; bewray not him who wanders, is the simplest lesson of common humanity. The Commonwealth, which, plighted by exiles, proclaimed by statute in 1811, her welcome to 'any stranger who might fly to her from the tyranny or oppression of her persecutors'—the State which now seeks 'PEACE IN LIBERTY,' should not content herself with this; her rebuke of the tyrant, her voice of welcome to the oppressed, should be uttered so loud as to be heard throughout the South. It should not be necessary to hide the outcast. It ought not to be counted merit now that one does not lift hand against him. Oh, no! fidelity to ancient fame, to present honour, to duty, to God, demands that the fugitive from the oppressions of other lands should be able to go up and down our highway, in peace—tell his true name—meet his old oppressor face to face, and feel that a whole Commonwealth stands between him and all chance of harm.

"God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" How coldly, often, does the old prayer fall from careless lips! How sure to reach the ear of Him who heareth the sighing of the prisoner, when it shall rise, in ecstasy of gratitude, from the slave hut of the fugitive, who, after deadly peril, rests at last beneath the shadow of her protection!

From the True Democrat.  
A Question.

The question, why the most liberal of Southern men, in the past, are now the most illiberal, is worthy the serious attention of the North.

We are so much in a hurry, and the present so absorbs our thoughts, that many of us may not know the fact. Perhaps some may dispute it. Yet all those familiar with the fact cannot fail to remember the "extreme" toleration of Clingman, when he voted for the right of petition, and up to 1818, the readiness of Humphrey Marshall to lead in the cause of emancipation in Kentucky during that period, if the people would only demand it, and the comparative boldness of Toombs and Stephens of Georgia, in 1815, both in private and public, when discussing the issue of that and this day. The record tells all this. We take from that, the following extract from a speech made by Stephens, by all odds the ablest of the "extremists," at Athens, Ga., in 1815, advocating the annexation of Texas:

This acquisition will give additional power to the Southwestern section in the National Councils, and for this purpose I want it.—*Not that I am desirous to see an extension of the area of Slavery, as some gentlemen have said its effect would be. I am no defender of Slavery in the abstract. Liberty always had charms for me, and I would rejoice to see all of Adam's family, in every land and clime, in the enjoyment of those rights which are set forth in the Declaration of Independence as natural and inalienable, if a stern necessity, bearing the mark and impress of the Creator Himself; but, not in, some cases, interfere and prevent. Such is the case with the States where Slavery now exists. But I have no wish to see it extended to other countries; and if the annexation of Texas was for the sole purpose of extending Slavery where it does not now exist and would not otherwise exist, I would oppose it.*

As he sat and spoke the other Southern liberals—not here or there—not in private talk or in the caucus room—but in Congress, on the "stamp," and everywhere, when the occasion would justify it. The fact, as we state it, then cannot be considered a moot-point. Now comes up the question, why have they veered completely round? Why are they changed from liberal Southern, to liberal and extreme pro-slavery men?

The intelligent reader will hardly doubt the fact, taken for granted in these queries. To make sure work of it, however, let us be specific. These men already named—including Gentry, and all of that class, take now the harshest and narrowest pro-slavery ground. They say, the North must pledge itself to the business of slave-catching! On this "idea," they would organize parties, and marshall their forces. Here they rest, and declare they will offer no candidate, and support no candidate, for any office. National or State, will not occupy this position. Speaking for this class, Mr. Stephens, in his ultra speech, made in the House of Representatives, at Washington, on the 27th of April, and in answer to the question asked

by himself, "What is the prominent question of the day?" says:

"The great, leading, controlling, prominent question which is likely to enter into the contest, is, the right, the constitutional right, of one section of this country to reclaim their slaves."

All other grave matters—River and Harbor Improvements—the industry of the country—the disposal of the public lands—whether this Union shall help Despotism or cheer on the champions of Liberty, and what not of value in morals or money, are to be set aside, till Congress shall settle the issue, whether slave-catching is the proper business of the North? This is the platform of the former liberals of the South, and that it is so, on the record, no one can safely dispute.

Having thus stated the facts, we come to the question asked. *Why is this so?*

One class suppose, that the liberality of these Southern men, had hurt their prospects politically, in the South, and that, therefore, they have changed. Not so. For on this question, they know, by instinct, where they are, and what they are to gain or suffer by any action for or against slavery. Thus in 1815, Mr. Stephen's speech met with great applause in Georgia, and the body of the people of that State were to second and support his views. He knew that before he died.

Besides, even now, many of the real perfidists doubt these liberals, as Senator William Smith of South Carolina, for long years doubted Mr. Calhoun, in regard to his fidelity to the interests of Slavery. Their argument is this. There are many ways of killing a system. If it be badly worked or badly defended, the result is the same; it must fall; and when ground is taken by its advocates which neither the constitution will bear, nor the People of the North tolerate, nor reason or common sense justify, the effect will be, of course, not only to weaken but to destroy it. So that the idea, that these liberals have changed because they feared a home influence in itself, has, really, no foundation in fact.

No, the cause of this change of opinion and position of Southern liberals, arises, in our belief, wholly from the fact, that the North has failed to do its duty. We say failed. That is not the right word. For the heaviest blows dealt against them have been dealt by the Free States. And these blows have been given, not once or twice, but steadily since 1815. Since that year, the Free States have grown fainter and fainter in their opposition to slavery; they have strengthened it at Washington; and we have damping proof of these avertments, in this fact, that the rishiest offices in the gift of the Federal Executive, have been given to betrayers of Freedom, like Duer, from the North, and hugest defenders of Slavery, like Sharkey, from the South. We do not speak too strongly when we say that these leaders, on both sides, have been havishly rewarded. Now these Southern Liberals, being politicians, and though well disposed, not ready to become martyrs, seeing the "cowards" of the North rewarded, and the "Ultras" of the South upheld, by all the strength of the National Government, and by both parties in the North have said and do say, virtually—"we can do nothing now; let the North will not let us; if they should let us alone, we might get along; but, not content with that, they strengthen the 'few' of the Slave States, and purposely weaken us; we will hold both; and go with the ultras for slavery, and for the South." And they have done it, unwisely, in a coward spirit, and for a bad end; yet from a cause which sways large classes in every society!

Let the North, then, look to itself. The ruptures caused by these changed liberals are of its creation. It reaps only of the seed it has sown.

\*Hon. Humphrey Marshall, a few years since, endeavored to organize an Emancipation party, independent in its action of both of the old parties. Finding that his scheme would not take and determined to be a leader in some movement that will keep him prominently before the people, he now takes a task in an entirely opposite direction, and is endeavoring to organize a Southern Union party. It needs no proposito to predict the result.—*Louisville (Ky.) Courier.*

From the N. Y. Tribune.  
Death of Isaac T. Hopper.

On Friday last, in the 81st year of his age, Isaac T. Hopper closed his earthly pilgrimage, which had been one long mission of energetic benevolence. When he was a lad, eleven or twelve years old, he happened to see an old colored man sitting on the fence, watching him with a very dejected countenance. He went up to him, and inquired why he seemed so sad. "Ah," said the old man, "I was thinking of the time when I was a boy, like you, before the white men came and carried me off into Slavery, see how my hands were torn by clinging to bushes, brambles, and rocks, as they dragged me along!" He held out his hard hands, which still showed the scars left by deep wounds in that desperate struggle.—As he walked thoughtfully away, he made an inward vow that, from that time, through his whole life, he would be the friend of Africans; and faithfully he kept this juvenile resolution. He was one of the very earliest friends of the slaves, and to his latest hour, he warmly sympathized with their wrongs. He was a prominent member of the first Abolition Society in Buffalo, and labored zealously with Benjamin Rush, Dr. Rogers, and other distinguished philanthropists of the time. No man at that period, not even eminent judges and advocates, was better acquainted with all the intricacies of law questions connected with Slavery. His accurate legal knowledge, his natural acuteness, his ready tact in avoiding dangerous corners, and slipping through unseen loopholes, often gave him the victory in cases that seemed hopeless to others. He was a prominent member of the first Abolition Society in Buffalo, and labored zealously with Benjamin Rush, Dr. Rogers, and other distinguished philanthropists of the time. No man at that period, not even eminent judges and advocates, was better acquainted with all the intricacies of law questions connected with Slavery. 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## The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

WHEN GOD COMMANDS TO TAKE THE TRUMPET AND BLOW A DOLOUS OR A JARRING BLAST, IT IS NOT IN MAN'S WILL WHAT HE SHALL SAY OR WHAT HE SHALL CONCEAL.—Milton.

SALEM, OHIO, MAY 22, 1852.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE meets June 6th.

## American Anti-Slavery Society.

We have just returned from attendance upon the Anniversary of this Society. As was our first attendance, we can not speak with comparison with the past. But to us it was an interesting occasion, and one which next time will prove to have been even more serviceable to the cause of the slave. The official proceedings of the meeting we give next week.

New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio and some distant portions of New York were sparingly represented, though by no means numerously as they would have been, but for the character of the season which presented the attendance of the farmers. From active friends of the slave in Rochester, all classes, the Society received an earnest sympathy and a cordial hospitality which was most cheering to those who attended from a distance. Many of the long tried, right and unwearied friends of the Society whose principles were present, hopeful in spirit and ready for new and unremitting labor in the cause. Though all seemed to realize the magnitude and difficulty of the enterprise, none were desponding, none seemed weary in well doing, none were disposed to relax their efforts. The vigor of new-born zeal, seemed to mark the words and looks of all, though they were assembled to celebrate their nineteenth anniversary. True, their zeal was tempered with the maturity which their past experience had of necessity beget; but that maturity evinced by a quiet indomitable firmness, promised, if need be, a life's devotion to the cause, and with prophetic tongue promised the certainty of ultimate success.

The first session of the Society was devoted to the organization of the meeting, to a discussion of a resolution in eulogy of Isaac Hopper, who had ever been the unwavering friend of the Society, and for several years its Treasurer. Messrs. Garrison, Oliver Johnson, and H. C. Wright were the principal speakers. Mr. Johnson stated that that of Mr. Hopper would soon be published, prepared by Mrs. L. M. Childs.

In the afternoon, Mr. Garrison proceeded to state the objects, principles and measures of the Society. Its object is not sectional, if he should desire it. Not national—that would be large and grand. It is more. It is world-wide in its designs. Not complexioned, whatever his color.

"A man is a man for a' that."

It is not sectarian, nor partisan, though it is at issue with the religious and political parties of the country, because these are enemies of human liberty. In conflict with these parties, we have acted on the defensive. They who want us to cease to assil the slave. He is sending; we who go to his succor, must expect to receive contumely; and yet we are at peace. We are calumniated as profiteers of strife. It is as true as the charge against Jesus, that he had a Devil. If we are in conflict with all, it is because all are in conflict with liberty. At the outset we had no idea of being called upon to give up parties or churches. The hour came when our parties rejected our principles. Then we had to choose between God and Belial.

Any man not a shareholder may stand upon our platform. They who find themselves excluded, should espouse the cause. Men and women have fled from us as though we had the leprosy; what does it mean? Men and women whose feet are on the rock; who have something better than Anti-Slavery, generally know it. They fear exposure. But the Anti-Slavery spirit is lion like. So long as the Anti-Slavery society adopts free speech as safe. Why don't they come to us?—last night a great thing. There are but few to do a mighty work, that no flesh should glory in the presence of God.

You have no right to shrink from the severe scrutiny. We are not to be judged by our theology. It is not fair to raise an issue with us in relation to other subjects. It is not honest, it is not manly—I invite you to sit in judgment on my anti-slavery. If I have turned aside, if I have compromised the interests of the slave, condemn me. I have cut off my right hand. I know what it costs and therefore I call upon others to do so too. We must be willing to forsake houses and lands. No other spirit is competent to grapple with slavery and all opposition to this spirit will fail to suppress it.

Mr. Pillsbury succeeded Mr. Garrison, and very effectively disposed of a shower of questions, and objections, some honest and others captious.

Joseph Barker, said it was the condemnation of Orthodoxy that Anti-Slavery was in its creed, but not in its life and practice. Orthodoxy may rescue itself from the charge of pro-slavery by adopting in heart and life the anti-slavery found in its creed. The anti-slavery movement would then become an orthodox movement.

## THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Samuel J. May illustrated the fact that the antagonism of anti-slavery to churches and parties necessarily resulted from fidelity to the principle of freedom. He forcibly presented this by a reference to the history of the enterprise. Briefly but happily alluding to several prominent incidents.

At the commencement of the evening session, the following noble letter from General Smith was read by the President:

PETERBORO', May 6, 1852.

W.M. LLOYD GARRISON.—*My Dear Sir:* You tell me in your letter received this evening, that you will excuse me from answering it. But I will not consent to be excused from answering so generous and beautiful a letter. I will not consent to let a single hour pass without assuring you of my continued and increasing esteem and love for you. The members of the American Anti-Slavery Society and the members of the Liberty party do not all of them understand each other.

They are all still, to some extent, jealous of each other, and occasionally say hard things of each other. There were some proofs of this in the meeting held in Rochester in March last. It is because of this mutual misapprehension that I was fearful of unpleasant occurrences in the meeting in Syracuse a year ago. I had some fears that these Abolitionists of different names might wound each other and wound the common cause by ill nature and unjust remarks, but my fears were not realized.

That excellent meeting was characterized by good sense, and by a tolerant spirit, and will, I trust, be characteristic of the approaching meeting in Rochester. I ascribe an equal degree of integrity to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the little handful that is left in the Liberty party. I recognize but two points of difference between them, and these are points which make nothing against the honesty of either party. The American anti-slavery man will not vote. The Liberty party man will. It is true that the Liberty party man will vote whether he shall believe the Constitution to be anti-slavery or pro-slavery, for he claims that the right to vote is derived from a higher source than the Constitution. Whenever he shall be convinced that this instrument does, under a legal interpretation of it, require the upholding of slavery, he will then as steadily as the American Anti-Slavery Society refuse to swear to it. I do not understand that the American Anti-Slavery Society is opposed to civil government, and it appears from your letter before me that I have misapprehended your individual position on that subject. You will set me right, and I shall thank you for doing so.

The grand point of agreement between the American Anti-Slavery Society and the Liberty party, and which, in my esteem, makes them substantially one, is their holding in common that the law for Slavery, whether found in the Constitution or not, is but a nominal law, and is everywhere and always to be trampled under foot. Their grand point of agreement, in other words, is that Slavery is an outlaw, a diabolical, mean, shameless outlaw, and that not only is every man at liberty to treat it as such, but is bound to treat it as such. The American Anti-Slavery Society and the Liberty party are agreed that the rules and arrangements of any other form of piracy do not create obligations nor bind the conscience. Would that the Free Soil party and the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society might no longer delay to come into this agreement of us.

The greatest obstacle to the union of all American Abolitionists would be removed, and with this union would be fresh help for a speedy and bloodless termination of American Slavery. I cannot go to Rochester, much as I would love to take you and a hundred other friends there by the hand, and much as I should love to hear Wendell Phillips, who I am glad to learn from your letter is to be there. I suppose that there will be a call in the meeting for contributions to funds of your Society. Please consider the inclosed draft for twenty-five dollars as my response to such call. Your friend and brother,

GEREET SMITH.

Joseph Barker, said there were many things in this country of which he was justly proud, and which he could honestly commend. He had chosen this country for his home, and consequently was interested in whatever concerned the welfare and happiness of the people. He would like to feel that the country was such as he could be proud of. Would have it as bright as the sun without its spots. Slavery was a crime so monstrous and contradictory of the professions of the people, that tyrants everywhere, scoffed at their pretensions of republicanism. It disgraced the United States, in the estimation of the whole civilized world, and tended to strengthen despotism wherever it existed.

In answer to arguments in favor of Democracy, the advocates of despotism pointed triumphantly to slavery. Slavery if not destroyed would become the destroyer of the liberty we now enjoy. For these reasons he maintained that the abolition of slavery would remove the greatest obstacle to the progress of liberty everywhere. Mr. Barker presented his views with great clearness and force.

C. L. Remond and W. Phillips occupied the second day.

SECOND DAY.

The forenoon of the second day was devoted to an informal conversation among the friends of the cause, and the afternoon to discussion of the character of the constitution. Wendell Phillips maintaining its pro-slavery, and Frederick Douglass its anti-slavery character. Mr. Phillips based his argument, not upon the intentions of the framers, or the history of the document; but upon the fair interpretation of its language.

C. L. Remond and W. Phillips occupied the evening.

The discussions of the third day were of unusual interest, and were participated in by the previous speakers, by Mr. and Mrs. Foster, and others. The principal topics, were the sufficiency of moral influence, for the removal of slavery, Colonization, and the fugitive law. The latter topic excited especial interest from the announcement that a kidnapper was at the commissioner's office procuring a warrant to seize three fugitives, who were known to be in the city. Whether the kidnapper was there or not, we cannot say. The fugitives were and were speedily and securely cared for, by the vigilance committee of the city. So that if it was in contemplation to seize another fugitive in the face of an Anti-Slavery Convention, they were again disappointed. Had they undertaken it, they would have found that the "do-nothing abolitionists," would practice treason as readily as they would preach it.

He was followed by Wendell Phillips. We cannot pretend to give his words, or at all do justice to the life and spirit of his remarks—Though we will try to jot down some of his prominent thoughts. The magnetism of slavery was like the steel springs in the crumometer makers wig. Their attraction put all his machinery in disorder, so slavery affects all questions and disarranges all the interests of the country. The Americans trust to the elective franchise to carry all reforms. They were voting-mad. They even thought men could be voted in and out of the Kingdom of Heaven. Because voting was a good thing in one case, they thought it must be all. If this question of slavery was to be decided by vote, he desired it might be put to the whole world, then we should be found in the majority.

Reforms must be effected from without. He who hopes to reform church or govern-

ment while in either is like the boy in the basket who tried to lift himself by the handles. Bentham, who had viewed this question at all points, said he knew of no epoch at which the people wrested from the privileged classes, right they did not obtain by a threat. They never yielded, except to fear.

The Georges of England always quarreled with their heirs. They feared them. And thus there were two courts in London. So with ideas. The old never likes the new but fears and rejects it. The American people are not sufficiently independent. They rely upon the pulpit and the press to furnish them with opinions. They dared not form them for themselves. Thinking for oneself is the only American high treason. As Sidney Smith said, no man who was not worth £3000 had a right to have an opinion. So in this country, no man who has not a certain status had a right to think for himself. Whitfield once asked permission to preach to the army, and was told that he might do so, provided he preached nothing contrary to the articles of war. May I preach to the people, asks Dr. Dewey? "Yes," answers Webster, "if you preach nothing contrary to the Constitution." Now, what the Anti-Slavery Society demands is, that every man shall have the right to think and speak for himself, without reference to any one else. If he should say that some John Smith, living somewhere in New York, had declared that he would return his own mother to Slavery, he would be told that it was a waste of breath to repeat it. But if he said that Dr. Dewey had made such a declaration, every man takes off his hat. He is an institution—he has been appointed a chaplain in the Navy. Probably that he might go and see where Nero murdered his mother. People must get rid of this glamour—this deference for great names. They must view things for themselves and then their verdict would be with the Anti-Slavery men. They must rise above local prejudices and superstitions. There is too much nationality in the religion of the people. It must be divested of that and brought back to its pure elements.

It had been said that he and his friends had alienated themselves from public sympathy, had shut themselves out of the pale of social life. It was true. They considered themselves as mere dead material, out of which the road was to be built over which the future millions of Anti-Slavery men were to walk. They had no regrets. The glorious privilege was theirs to think for themselves, and to utter their thoughts, without looking over their shoulders to see if ninety-nine men say amen. They had redeemed the Yankee privilege of asking questions, although great men declined to answer them. They were fixed in their positions and could not be swerved or swallowed up by such another mighty malstrom as that at Washington.

The popular sentiment had affected our great men—we had gone from a Washington way down to a Webster. Washington had not dared to send to New Hampshire after his own fugitive slave, lest he should offend the prejudices of Daniel Webster's great-grandfathers. But Webster advises his own cousins to "conquer their prejudices."

America was going backward towards Aristocracy, while Europe was advancing toward Democracy. The waves of popular sentiment were even beating against Russia, threatening to reduce that great Empire.

If two days calm attention would be given to the discussions, people here would come to agree with Fox that the English language is incompetent to express the enormity of Slavery.

SECOND DAY.

The forenoon of the second day was devoted to an informal conversation among the friends of the cause, and the afternoon to discussion of the character of the constitution. Wendell Phillips maintaining its pro-slavery, and Frederick Douglass its anti-slavery character. Mr. Phillips based his argument, not upon the intentions of the framers, or the history of the document; but upon the fair interpretation of its language.

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## Woman's Rights Convention.

This Convention will be held in MASSILLION, commencing on WEDNESDAY next. It is an occasion of much interest and importance, and will doubtless be well attended. Let all go who can.

## Free Soil National Convention.

Samuel Lewis, Chairman of the Committee, to name the time and place for holding the National nomination Convention, has notified the meeting to be held at CLEVELAND, on the first Wednesday in August next.

## A New Dodge.

The leading papers of both parties at Washington, have, within a few days, entirely changed their ground in regard to presidential tests. For months we have been told that the Compromise was an inseparable part of the party creed. That none but a pledged candidate had any chance of success. Now they repudiate new issues and revert to the old order.

This is the chaff that is to catch the northern gulls. The South is always magnanimous in granting what she cannot hold, or hold, can render her no service. She yielded California with great show of liberality, when she could not help it. And when she found her human flesh market in Washington decided to her detriment, with pious horror of the trade, she transferred her slave pens to the other side of the Potowmack.

She now, knowing that the Compromise will be safe in the hands of any one who can receive the nomination or election from either party, and as the northern sticklers on the question, have no scruples about executing the Compromise, but only in regard to the pledge to execute it; they generously release them from the pledge as they are assured of the performance. So now not only the Union will be saved, but the parties also. This liberality will of course receive the necessary amount of cursing and blustering from southern impracticalities. But that is a part of the play and will scare nobody.

## Preaching the Gospel and Selling Young Women.

The Washington Correspondent of the Free Democrat, gives an exposition of the character of the gospel preached at our National Capital. The actual and legitimate result of their gospel, is the purchase and sale of "accomplished and handsome maidens, who have been raised in genteel families." The New School Presbyterian Church has met in that city, that it may especially give its sanction and fellowship to this religion, which sells innocent and industrious young women for purposes of lust and gain.

For worlds that needful suffering have foregone."

## Sugar Creek Water-cure.

FRIEND EDITOR: Seeing an advertisement in the Bugle of the Sugar Creek Water Cure, I feel impelled to offer a few remarks concerning it. I have lately been going through a short course of treatment in this Establishment, and improved as if by magic, under the judicious treatment of Dr. Frease. I consider it inferior to none that I have seen, in beauty of location, purity of water, commodious rooms, careful and assiduous attention, and a well selected diet, in short, all the facilities which could really add to its efficiency and its utility as a Water Cure Establishment.

The Dr. and his brother are intelligent and accomodating; and what is still better, are determined reformers, and are actively engaged in pushing onward the Car of progress. If the Water Cure treatment were in the hands of such individuals exclusively, it would cease to be an object of ridicule and contempt by so large a portion of community; but would be brought into general use in the cure of disease.

Several bills were passed, including the right of way and a donation of land to aid in constructing a railroad from the Wabash to the Missouri river.

The Senate then resumed the Deficiency bill, and after a short recess, adjourned.

## Congressional.

House of Representatives, May 17th, Mr. Preston spoke on the Compromise act. Mr. Cultour followed, vindicating the action of the whig caucus in ruling the resolution out of order, as the caucus met only to fix the time and place for holding the Convention. For himself, he fully endorsed the finality, and from data which had been placed in his possession, he asserted that if those who seconded had remained, the Compromise resolutions would have passed the caucus by four of a majority. After further debate, the House adjourned.

Senate.—The Senate passed a resolution to adjourn over to Wednesday, to attend to the funeral of Mrs. Adams.

Mr. Underwood introduced a bill changing the mode of compensating members of Congress, allowing them a salary of \$2000 per annum, and 20 cents per mile for mileage, deducting \$10 a day for absence, except for sickness.

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The Senate then resumed the Deficiency bill, and after a short recess, adjourned.

## Women's Rights Convention.

The Ohio WOMEN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION, for 1852 will meet in MASSILLION, on Wednesday, 26th of May, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The object of the Convention, is to devise and adopt measures to secure to woman her equal privilege of elective franchise, to aid in the removal of obstacles to the full development of the powers and capabilities of the female mind, and to ascertain and define her position and relations to the present condition of humanity.

The friends of this reform of both sexes, are respectfully and earnestly invited to be present, and take part in the deliberations of this Convention.

In view of the present aspect of society—the rumor of wars—the spirit of war, of conquest, of merciless revenge—the cry for help from the manacled slave, from the victims of intemperance, of injustice; of penury and want—the fearful increase of crime—the immense expenditure necessary for its suppression, and the inadequate provision for its prevention—What Woman will stay away from this Convention because she has already "rights enough."

We hope that the many interested friends who have on former occasions, cheered our hearts and strengthened our hands by letters and addresses, will renew their favors.

E. ROBINSON, K. G. THOMAS,  
C. L. SMALLEY, S. N. MCMLIAN,  
M. J. TILDEN, L. IRISH,  
B. M. COWLES.

Committee.

## Receipts for the Bugle for the week ending May 19th.

Win. Brownell, Richfield, 3,00-353


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# THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

VOL. 7.

## Miscellaneous.

### Secretiveness.

The following is copied from the *Phrenological Journal*, in which it is used as an illustration of the manner by which the organ of secretiveness is too often and sadly cultivated:

Go out into the country, for example, to purchase a superior cow, and call on one of the honest sons of the soil, and it would not be very difficult to find a man who would show himself as cunning and as selfish as any trader or manufacturer. Let us illustrate such an interview by a colloquy between a CITIZEN and a FARMER, and we beg of the reader to watch the workings of Secretiveness to gratify Acquisitiveness.

CITIZEN. "I am in pursuit of a fine cow and understanding, at the hotel, that you kept a large flock of very excellent ones I have called to look at them, and to see if I could make a purchase to please me. I am not very particular as to price, so I but obtain one of the very best."

FARMER. "Well, yes, I have a large flock, and they have the reputation of being excellent. They have cost me much care and pains in their selection; but I can't say as I wish to sell any of them. When a man has a good article which he wants to use, it is not well to dispose of it."

C. "True; but I would like to look at them."

F. "Oh, certainly, I will show them with pleasure; but understand I don't promise to sell one at any price."

They go to the farm-yard, and a little son of the farmer follows to see and hear, and in doing so takes his first lesson in the tricks of trade; for, it is remembered, that every act of the parent stamps its impress upon the young mind, which becomes almost ineffaceable.

C. (Scanning a lean, common-looking animal, which, by the way, was one of the best milkers in the flock, and low in flesh from her milking qualities, yet it was in early winter when those qualities would not be apparent). "What is that cow worth?"

F. "I suppose about twenty-five dollars."

On an elevated place stands a large, fleshy, noble-looking cow, the poorest milk of the whole, and fat because her food went to flesh rather than to milk—catches the admiring eye of the inexperienced citizen, and he eagerly inquires, "What will you sell that one for?"

F. "O! don't say anything to me about that cow; she is a very peculiar one, and more than that, she belongs to my wife. I told you I did not care to sell any, and this one I should hardly expect to sell at all; besides, I should not like to have my wife offended by selling a favorite of hers." John, (turning to his boy, who is surprised to see his father hesitate a moment about selling his miserable, vicious, unruly beast, whose small mess of milk is as thin as that sold by Messrs. Croton, Pomp & Co., in New York,) John, mother will be in our hair if we sell "Fill pale."

That name strikes the buyer's ear just as it was intended to do, and he presses the farmer for a price.

F. "I will not say I will sell her at any price, unless my wife will consent. I don't believe in family quarrels."

The boy, John, is surprised at his father's reluctance to sell, and entertains not the slightest doubt but what his mother will joyously consent to the sale. The stranger is determined to have a price, and finally, the obliging farmer says—"Now, mind I don't agree to sell at any price without my wife's consent, and I will set such a price as will, doubtless, cool your ardor without the necessity of calling my wife. Forty dollars is the price."

C. "Suppose we consult the good lady, and see what she will say. If she will consent I will take the animal."

F. "I know what she will say, and if you insist upon it, we will refer it to her."

They proceed to the house, the farmer taking the lead to get the first word; and the boy following, anxious to have his mother assent to the sale and urge the bargain.

F. "Well, mother, this gentleman is very anxious to buy 'old Fill-pale, and I told him"—"Yes," interrupted the wife in apparent anger, "and you told him he might have her I warrant; it is just like you to sell the best cow we have. Well, do as you like. We might as well give up trying to make butter and cheese altogether."

With a red face and an angry air, she leaves the room, slamming the door after her. "There," says the farmer, "I knew just how it would be."

John, the honest boy, was astonished. He had heard that cow made the subject of concern for years by all the family; and now, when a double price is offered for her, his father holds back and his mother gets angry. He doesn't understand it. No, indeed poor boy, you don't understand it, but you are in a fair way of doing so. Wait a little and you will be wise, and know more of the world.

The stranger takes the bait, counts out the forty dollars, and the farmer apparently draws back from it, saying, "I don't think I ought to take the money. You had better not take the cow." [All true, though not intended to be so regarded.]

He takes the money, and the stranger departs with his purchase. The mother returns, smiling like a summer's morning. The father, chuckling over his money, says, with an arch wink to his wife, "I think when he has had that cow full as long as we have, he will be glad to take less than half what he paid for her."

This unriddles to the boy's unscientific mind the hypocrisy of the whole transaction and he shrinks back from his parents as scheming liars. To him it looks like robbery to take twenty-five dollars more for the cow than she was worth; and like lying, thus to deceive the stranger by such back-handed means.

He has been whipped for lying, and taught that he must be honest; and he can see no difference between talking a lie and acting it.

Under the influence of filial love he begins to reason, and he is unwilling to condemn his parents to the degradation of liars and robbers. He reviews the guarded modes of expression by the father and mother. His father did not say it was the best cow in the flock, and told the man he "had better not take the animal"—that he "would not sell her unless his mother would consent to it." It was not exactly lying after all. Besides his father stood high in society; he was called, Colonel, and Esq.; had been a Representative; was a trustee of the Religious Society, school com-

mittee, and everybody looked up to him as a man of honor. His mother, too, was intimate in the family of the minister, and had the best company in town. Therefore they were good people, and their example worthy of imitation. Full of this pleasing notion to his outraged conscience, and possessing with al, hereditary transmission, a similar tendency to shrewdness and money-loving as that of his parents, he began to meditate a method of profiting by his first lesson in keen business management. "Why can't I sell that soft, worthless new knife I bought of the easily pedlar the other day in the same manner that father sold the cow? Let me see, I have the plan, and I will have the money, and I won't tell a lie either. I can steer clear of that."

He carefully whets his knife, and as fully pockets a soft stick, and then with a veil of honest looks proceeds to school. At recess, he very carelessly draws forth his knife and stick, and begins to whittle. It cuts finely. The boys flock around, eager to see it, and to learn what he paid for it—"I got it cheap—only twenty-five cents—see it cut!"

"I'll give you twenty-five," says one.

"I guess you will," says John, "after I have run the risk of getting a bad one, and proved it. See it cut."

"I'll give you thirty."

"I'll give you forty," says another; "and here's the money." Forty, being a golden number in the ear of John, he quietly pockets the money just as the school bell rings, and they all go into their books—John to rejoice in the success of his experiment; and Charley, to anticipate the pleasure his excellent cutting knife will afford him.

As soon as the school is dismissed—while Charley is hunting for a good hard stick to show the other boys how gloriously it will cut—John makes all haste for home, to announce his success, and to bank his money. Almost out of breath he enters the house exclaiming, "Father, I have sold that pewter-knife which I bought of the pedlar at twenty-five cents, for forty cents."

"Ah! have you? But how did you manage? You didn't tell a lie, did you, Johnny?" "Oh, no, sir, I sharpened it very nicely—took a soft stick in my pocket, and kept whittling—said nothing, and let them bid."

"But who bought? and have you got your money?"

"Charley Summer, who always has money, bought it, and here are the forty cents."

"That's right; you should never lie, and always get your pay down to prevent after trouble. I say, mother! Johnny is pretty smart. We must make a merchant of him, eh—what think you?"

Well, he has done well with the knife, surely, and always thought he would be somebody, and get rich; besides, Charley is better able to pay a high price for a poor knife than Johnny. Bring the money to me, my son, and I will save it for you."

This is lesson number two, and the boy, from this propitious beginning, kept practice until he was old enough to enter a store as clerk. His father kept him short of change for his new situation, and desiring to appear well with his associates, he began by borrowing small sums from the money-drawer, designing to pay it out of the first remittance. But the economical father, desiring to keep him short, to teach him economy, neglected the penurious remittance until the boy had secretly borrowed the full amount of what he received from his father, and he cannot pay it then; and finally after some struggles with his defaced Conscientiousness, and urged by his necessities, decided not to pay it at all.

He went on in this way, borrowing, and never paying, until he rolled his master of a large amount, and ended his life a villain.

His parents pocketed a few extra dollars for a cow, by means of circumspect falsehood—the son imbued the education, and that education shaped his future.

Who will say, "Go thou and do likewise?"

### Cloves.

Cloves are the unopened flowers of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel or the bay. It is a native of the Molucca, or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and is largely cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size, and grow in large numbers in clusters at the very ends of the branches. The cloves we use are the flowers gathered before they are opened, and whilst they are still green. After being gathered, they are smoked by a wood fire, and then dried in the sun. Each clove consists of two parts, a round head, which is the four petals or leaves of the flower rolled up, enclosing a number of small stalks or filaments. The other part of the clove is terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the flower-cup, and the unripe seed vessel. All these parts may be distinctly seen if a few leaves are soaked for a short time in hot water, when the leaves of the flowers soften, and readily unfold. The smell of cloves is very strong and aromatic, but not unpleasant. Their taste is pungent, but not lasting. But the taste and smell depend on the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odor and taste in consequence is much weakened by this proceeding.

### Presence of Mind.

The herdsmen of a farm in Scotland had occasion, lately, to send his daughter for the cattle under his charge. There were about eighty of them, and among them two bulls, one of which was occasionally in the habit of assaulting people. On the day in question the herdsmen unwarily approached the bull too closely, when he immediately gave chase. On a level field, without dykes, hogs or any other place of refuge to resort to, what would the herdsmen have done—for, to run home, a distance of three quarters of a mile, was out of the question.

The girl, with great presence of mind, ran over to the other bull—a good-natured animal, and much stronger than her assailant. Standing close by his side, and tapping him kindly on the back, she drove him toward her father's house, followed by her enraged enemy, who kept roaring and fuming all the way; but when he came too close, her protector turned round, and with a shake and toss of his head, kept the assailant at bay. In this manner the fugitive arrived safely at home.

The Boston Journal describes as one of the curiosities of the age, an electric clock, recently completed by Mr. N. Farmer, on an entirely new principle and pronounced by scientific men to be the most perfect and simple of any. All wheel work in the time-keeping part is dispensed with, therefore all friction is overcome. The time-keeping part of the clock is simply a pendulum, an electric magnet, and two armatures. The vibrations of the pendulum break and close the circuit of electricity, while the combined action of the electro-magnet and armature keeps it in motion.

It is a clock that runs without weights or spring or any thing of the kind. Its moving power is a galvanic battery, which requires a small quantity of sulphuric acid once or twice a year; or if the workmanship of the clock is delicate, a copper plate buried in the ground will keep it in motion. There is no friction to overcome save the suspension points of the pen-

### The World Harvest.

They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair, They are sowing their seed in the noon-day's glare,

They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight, They are sowing their seed in the solemn night.

What shall the harvest be?

They are sowing their seed of pleasant thoughts; In the spring's green light they have blithely wrought;

They have bro't their fancies from wool and dell, Where the mosses creep and the flower buds swell.

Rare shall the harvest be.

They are sowing the seed of word and deed, Which the cold kno' not nor the careless need;

To the gentle word and the kindest deed,

That have blest the heart in its sorest need.

Sweet shall the harvest be.

They are sowing the seed of pain, Of late remorse and a maddened brain;

And the stars shall fail, and the sun shall wane, Ere they root the weeds from the soil again.

Dark will their harvest be.

And some are standing with idle hand, Yet they scatter seed on their native land;

And some are sowing the seed of care, Which their soul hath bore and still must bear.

Sad will the harvest be,

They are sowing their seed of noble deed, With a sleepless watch and earnest heed;

With a ceaseless hand o'er the earth they sow,

And the fields are whitening where they go.

Rich will the harvest be,

Sown in darkness, or sown in light, Sown in weakness, or sown in might,

Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath,

In the broad work-field or the shadowy path—

Sure will the harvest be;

### Stick To It.

The very doctrine of all others. "Stick to it." Who ever knew a mortal to enrol himself under this banner, and come out at the little end of the horn? Nobody, we'll be bound. Its principle, acted up to with rectitude, purpose, heart, soul, would keep any man above water and in blue sky.

"Stick to it." It's the very history of success epitome. All history, all experience; the triumph of mind, art, literature, every great and noble work in its direct and appropriate illustrations. He who would be, do, gain, make, save, achieve any thing in whatever department of life, trade, politics, religion, philanthropy, or love, must make it his first and last object of solicitude—the Alpha and Omega of his aspiration and action.

Tell us young man, who ever did a thing worthy of note, that did not "stick to it." Look around among your acquaintances, and see who is, and who is not "Something." In him who would be, do, gain, make, save, achieve any thing in whatever department of life, trade, politics, religion, philanthropy, or love, must make it his first and last object of solicitude—the Alpha and Omega of his aspiration and action.

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What has made great lawyers, statesmen, divines, artists? What has made a Webster, a Choate, a Brougham, a Kosuth? Simply, and solely, truly, by choosing something, real, vital, and sticking to it. And if you wish, or expect, to mean to do or be any thing, you have got to do likewise. Then choose, and "stick to it." Armed with its principle and inspiration, you may rise to undreamed of heights—wanton, it may sink to unthought of depths. Per. Reporter.

### Kindness.

A little spring had lost its way, Amid the spring and fern;

A passing stanger scooped a well, Where weary men might turn;

He walled it in, and hung with care A ladle to the brink;

He thought not of the dead he did, But judged that tol might drink.

He passed again—and lo! the well,

Summer never dried,

Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,

And saved a life beside.

Smooth and cheerful of aspect are the fatalities of every day life; but who can miss their roving glances for the steadfast, fearful, unfathomable eyes of friendship! There was an everlasting truth in the words of that woman who, when asked why her love and interest clung so closely, so obstinately, unceasingly around one whom the world neglected, and who, perchance, deserved its neglect, said, "I have wept with him." And who questions the eternity of a tie thus cemented? We are joined together as by nails which pierce as they unite, and who can be extricated without shivering the wood they have penetrated.

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dulum, and the two armatures. Hence it approaches the nearest to perfection as a time-keeper of any thing in existence. One hundred or a thousand clocks all over the city, all ticking at the same instant, and keeping the same time, may be carried by one pendulum."

### Gentle Words.

A young rose in summer time Is beautiful to me,